

# In Washington Shops



Hat from J. M. Gidding & Co.  
**THE TRANSPARENT HAT.**  
A Reboux model with paradise  
and black velvet ribbon.



Hat from Lansburg & Bro.  
**THE LEGHORN.**  
High bandeau; Belgian velvet  
with flowers.



PHOTOS BY  
G. V. BUCK

Costume from J. M. Gidding & Co.  
**THE TAILLEUR OF PARIS.**

Jenny model in black and white check serge, finished with black  
braid. Hat: Shiny black flat milan sailor.



Costume from The Louvre.  
**THE POKE BONNET.**  
Battleship gray in Milan with  
quills and appliqued ribbon.



Costume from The Louvre.  
**AN AFTERNOON COSTUME.**  
Hat: Battleship gray quadricorn.  
Dress: Sand crepe de chine.

## HEALTH AND HAPPINESS HINTS FOR TIMES READERS

### Mosquito Or Man Must Be Eliminated Before Malaria Can Be Banished

Never Too Early For Communities To Start War Against  
the Mosquito During First Warm  
Days of Spring.

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.  
(Copyright 1915, by the Newspaper Feature Service.)

IT is but a handful of years since bad  
air was supposed to be a necessity,  
and malaria a visitation to be  
borne by all human flesh. Errors,  
however, lodge tenaciously in the wisest  
heads, and poverty of knowledge dwells  
in gorgeous palaces.

There are more tangled webs woven  
by honest convictions worse confounded  
than by the practice of deception.  
Darkness is only a relative matter. A  
mole and a bat think a glow-worm to  
be Phoebus, and Aurora looks upon the  
earth light as Stygian.

After the discovery in 1869 of the  
mosquito that the water flea cyclops car-  
ried the eggs and infants of the guinea  
worm, which is a human parasite, a few  
physicians suspected that there might  
be certain other and more minute para-  
sites of man, whose babyhood stages  
were developed in insects.

Dr. Patrick Manson, in 1877, turned his  
attention to these thin, hairlike worms,  
which abide in the blood of man, and  
sought the host of its infantile mo-  
ments. The ordinary house mosquito  
was soon convicted of harboring these  
creatures—the first conviction of a mos-  
quito by an international jury of sav-  
ants.

#### Two Hosts Needed.

The life story of this parasite in two  
hosts—mosquito and man—was not fully  
appreciated until 1880, when Dr. Lav-  
ran, of France, discovered the epoch-  
making fact that a distinct and con-  
spicuous microbe of animal nature is  
always present in the red corpuscles of  
the human blood, whenever, true malar-  
ia is present. When, however, any  
malaria other than malaria is present,  
you can search the blood and the bone  
marrow in vain for these microscopic  
creatures.

Links in the great chain of discoveries,  
nevertheless, were forged slowly, for it  
was not until 1889 that two American  
doctors, Theobald Smith and Kilborne,  
unearthed the fact that cattle, ill with  
Texas cattle fever, had a blood cousin  
to the malaria parasite abiding in their  
red corpuscles. More important still  
was the find that the tick or insect

which lives upon the hide of these  
animals also acts as host of the em-  
bryo days of the animalcule which  
cause cattle fever.

Mark you, all of these wonderful  
facts were brought to light by Russian,  
American, English, and French scien-  
tists. In 1896 another great link was  
added to this chain. Dr. Bruce, another  
Englishman, discovered that the Conko  
sleeping sickness or Nagana was con-  
veyed to the melancholy Africans by  
means of the bite of the blood-sucking  
tsetse fly.

To hark back a bit, Dr. A. F. A. King  
wrote the most remarkable article in 1888  
which gave twenty-odd reasons why  
mosquitoes cause malaria.

#### The Three M's.

In 1889, Dr. Ronald Ross, another  
Englishman, at the suggestion of Dr.  
Manson, began an investigation of the  
relationship between mosquitoes and  
malaria, which resulted in his discovery  
in 1897 of the dappled-winged or spot-  
ted-winged mosquito, the anopheles, as  
the carrier of one stage in the life  
growth of the malaria animalcule. On  
the fourth of July, 1898, the day Dewey  
sent his report about the great naval  
victory, Dr. Ross was able, after sev-  
eral previous dissections of mosquitoes  
infected with strange looking germs, to  
disclose for the first time the full truth  
about the three M's—malaria, man, and  
mosquito.

It was one of the most wonderful  
medical truths brought forth since Ari-  
stotle, that is, that the malaria parasite  
and malarial mosquito, to complete the  
man again later on, but that the malar-  
ia parasite must have two hosts, in-  
sect and mammal, to complete the story  
of its life. Not only will its baby-  
hood days not mature in red blood, but  
its adult period of growth cannot be  
completed and fulfilled in mosquitoes.  
In fine, there are absolutely three re-  
quirements for a correct diagnosis. In  
the malaria mosquito, man, to be  
rid of the first you must eliminate either  
of the other two. Take your choice.

It is never too early to kill the mos-  
quito. Communities should start with  
the first warm days of spring to guard  
against malaria.

### Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE.

"TELL me," I said after a while,  
"why Joan thought the win-  
dow displays of the expen-  
sive store an unwholesome in-  
fluence?" This remark was somehow  
the key to a side of Joan that I had not  
encountered and I was correspondingly  
curious.

"Well," said Mary, "she had ever so  
many reasons and all interesting. And  
while we were standing looking at one  
window where they had perfectly won-  
derful evening combs of glittering  
stones and filigree, a shabbily dressed  
girl halted beside us and fairly drank  
the thing in, and Joan said, 'Look,  
Mary, there's another reason beside  
us'."

**Joan on Windows.**  
"The girl had poor clothes on, but  
they were awfully flashy, and Joan  
said, 'You see, she steps on the way  
home and she sees things like this that  
she wants and can't have, and she goes  
off first and imitates, next she tries  
to scribble and buy, and finally, when  
she hasn't money enough, she doesn't  
care how she gets it—and there you  
are. I feel the insidious lure of these  
windows myself.'"

"Why?" I wondered, "Joan's people  
are rich, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Mary, "but Joan says that  
no matter how much money she has  
the windows are always just a stage  
ahead, tempting her to things she can't  
afford. Every time she gets an extra  
allowance the window displays get  
a little more gorgeous."

"Moral," I hinted, "don't think and  
live clothes and the windows won't  
bother you. They don't bother men es-  
pecially."

"Oh, but they do!" said Mary. "Joan  
and I watched man after man at  
the window where the combs were and  
look. And Joan said again, 'And there's  
another reason. A man looks and looks  
at these dreadfully expensive things he  
knows a woman likes and the first thing  
you know he's buying beyond his means  
—and then he buys again—and the ball  
goes on rolling. It's just pandering to  
the luxurious sense of a pleasure-loving  
people. And Joan says simpler window  
displays would help a lot.'"

"Joan's a queer girl to preach," I in-  
sisted. "She's luxurious and frivolous  
and pleasure-loving enough to epitomize  
the atmosphere of the town."

"I know," nodded Mary, "and the  
minute after she stopped preaching she  
saw a wonderful comb she wanted to  
go with a certain evening gown, and  
with a certain money Joan didn't  
have enough money to buy it and there  
wasn't a charge account there and she  
phoned her father. He grumbled a  
bit, but she bought the comb and went  
simply crazy about it."

"There," I laughed, "you have the  
woman nature in a nutshell."

"Yes," said Mary, "it reminded me a  
little of the way you preach about cig-  
arette smoking and then you go on  
smoking yourself."

"Mary," I laughed, "you're coming  
back at me pretty hard these days.  
Once upon a time you never had an  
answer for a knock like that."

"I don't know why it is," admitted  
Mary, "except that I did use to think  
them, but I was a little afraid of you."

"Where else did you go?" I asked.

**Joan on Windows.**  
"The girl had poor clothes on, but  
they were awfully flashy, and Joan  
said, 'You see, she steps on the way  
home and she sees things like this that  
she wants and can't have, and she goes  
off first and imitates, next she tries  
to scribble and buy, and finally, when  
she hasn't money enough, she doesn't  
care how she gets it—and there you  
are. I feel the insidious lure of these  
windows myself.'"

"Why?" I wondered, "Joan's people  
are rich, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Mary, "but Joan says that  
no matter how much money she has  
the windows are always just a stage  
ahead, tempting her to things she can't  
afford. Every time she gets an extra  
allowance the window displays get  
a little more gorgeous."

"Moral," I hinted, "don't think and  
live clothes and the windows won't  
bother you. They don't bother men es-  
pecially."

"Oh, but they do!" said Mary. "Joan  
and I watched man after man at  
the window where the combs were and  
look. And Joan said again, 'And there's  
another reason. A man looks and looks  
at these dreadfully expensive things he  
knows a woman likes and the first thing  
you know he's buying beyond his means  
—and then he buys again—and the ball  
goes on rolling. It's just pandering to  
the luxurious sense of a pleasure-loving  
people. And Joan says simpler window  
displays would help a lot.'"

"Joan's a queer girl to preach," I in-  
sisted. "She's luxurious and frivolous  
and pleasure-loving enough to epitomize  
the atmosphere of the town."

"I know," nodded Mary, "and the  
minute after she stopped preaching she  
saw a wonderful comb she wanted to  
go with a certain evening gown, and  
with a certain money Joan didn't  
have enough money to buy it and there  
wasn't a charge account there and she  
phoned her father. He grumbled a  
bit, but she bought the comb and went  
simply crazy about it."

"There," I laughed, "you have the  
woman nature in a nutshell."

"Yes," said Mary, "it reminded me a  
little of the way you preach about cig-  
arette smoking and then you go on  
smoking yourself."

"Mary," I laughed, "you're coming  
back at me pretty hard these days.  
Once upon a time you never had an  
answer for a knock like that."

"I don't know why it is," admitted  
Mary, "except that I did use to think  
them, but I was a little afraid of you."

"Where else did you go?" I asked.

**Joan on Windows.**  
"The girl had poor clothes on, but  
they were awfully flashy, and Joan  
said, 'You see, she steps on the way  
home and she sees things like this that  
she wants and can't have, and she goes  
off first and imitates, next she tries  
to scribble and buy, and finally, when  
she hasn't money enough, she doesn't  
care how she gets it—and there you  
are. I feel the insidious lure of these  
windows myself.'"

"Why?" I wondered, "Joan's people  
are rich, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Mary, "but Joan says that  
no matter how much money she has  
the windows are always just a stage  
ahead, tempting her to things she can't  
afford. Every time she gets an extra  
allowance the window displays get  
a little more gorgeous."

"Moral," I hinted, "don't think and  
live clothes and the windows won't  
bother you. They don't bother men es-  
pecially."

"Oh, but they do!" said Mary. "Joan  
and I watched man after man at  
the window where the combs were and  
look. And Joan said again, 'And there's  
another reason. A man looks and looks  
at these dreadfully expensive things he  
knows a woman likes and the first thing  
you know he's buying beyond his means  
—and then he buys again—and the ball  
goes on rolling. It's just pandering to  
the luxurious sense of a pleasure-loving  
people. And Joan says simpler window  
displays would help a lot.'"

"Joan's a queer girl to preach," I in-  
sisted. "She's luxurious and frivolous  
and pleasure-loving enough to epitomize  
the atmosphere of the town."

"I know," nodded Mary, "and the  
minute after she stopped preaching she  
saw a wonderful comb she wanted to  
go with a certain evening gown, and  
with a certain money Joan didn't  
have enough money to buy it and there  
wasn't a charge account there and she  
phoned her father. He grumbled a  
bit, but she bought the comb and went  
simply crazy about it."

"There," I laughed, "you have the  
woman nature in a nutshell."

"Yes," said Mary, "it reminded me a  
little of the way you preach about cig-  
arette smoking and then you go on  
smoking yourself."

"Mary," I laughed, "you're coming  
back at me pretty hard these days.  
Once upon a time you never had an  
answer for a knock like that."

"I don't know why it is," admitted  
Mary, "except that I did use to think  
them, but I was a little afraid of you."

"Where else did you go?" I asked.

**Joan on Windows.**  
"The girl had poor clothes on, but  
they were awfully flashy, and Joan  
said, 'You see, she steps on the way  
home and she sees things like this that  
she wants and can't have, and she goes  
off first and imitates, next she tries  
to scribble and buy, and finally, when  
she hasn't money enough, she doesn't  
care how she gets it—and there you  
are. I feel the insidious lure of these  
windows myself.'"

"Why?" I wondered, "Joan's people  
are rich, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Mary, "but Joan says that  
no matter how much money she has  
the windows are always just a stage  
ahead, tempting her to things she can't  
afford. Every time she gets an extra  
allowance the window displays get  
a little more gorgeous."

"Moral," I hinted, "don't think and  
live clothes and the windows won't  
bother you. They don't bother men es-  
pecially."

"Oh, but they do!" said Mary. "Joan  
and I watched man after man at  
the window where the combs were and  
look. And Joan said again, 'And there's  
another reason. A man looks and looks  
at these dreadfully expensive things he  
knows a woman likes and the first thing  
you know he's buying beyond his means  
—and then he buys again—and the ball  
goes on rolling. It's just pandering to  
the luxurious sense of a pleasure-loving  
people. And Joan says simpler window  
displays would help a lot.'"

"Joan's a queer girl to preach," I in-  
sisted. "She's luxurious and frivolous  
and pleasure-loving enough to epitomize  
the atmosphere of the town."

"I know," nodded Mary, "and the  
minute after she stopped preaching she  
saw a wonderful comb she wanted to  
go with a certain evening gown, and  
with a certain money Joan didn't  
have enough money to buy it and there  
wasn't a charge account there and she  
phoned her father. He grumbled a  
bit, but she bought the comb and went  
simply crazy about it."

"There," I laughed, "you have the  
woman nature in a nutshell."

"Yes," said Mary, "it reminded me a  
little of the way you preach about cig-  
arette smoking and then you go on  
smoking yourself."

"Mary," I laughed, "you're coming  
back at me pretty hard these days.  
Once upon a time you never had an  
answer for a knock like that."

"I don't know why it is," admitted  
Mary, "except that I did use to think  
them, but I was a little afraid of you."

"Where else did you go?" I asked.

#### LIFE'S LITTLE BITTERNESSES

Arthur sat on the front doorsteps cry-  
ing softly.

"What is the matter, little boy?" asked  
a kind-hearted woman who was passing.  
"My gown is drowned all the light-  
ness," he sobbed.

"What a pity! I'm awfully sorry."

"And she promised—bought—at I  
could do it!"—Boston Transcript.

### Kill Egg of Moth Is Her Advice

"Ounce of Prevention Will  
Save More Than Pound  
of Furs."

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

AS someone has said, "The time  
to begin training a child is to  
start with his grandfather."

So, too, the time to begin sav-  
ing our clothing from the ravages of  
moths is to start with the moths  
of prevention will save more than a  
pound of furs!

The point is that frequently we never  
think about moths until we see the  
adult moth flying dizzily around the  
room. But then it is almost always  
quite too late. It is not this small  
winged adult that does the damage and  
it is the larva or grub form of the  
winged adult whose teeth or tiny jaws  
bite into woolen and other fabrics. The  
time to get after the moth is the early  
stage, when it is only an egg.

So that it is not too early now to take  
the preventive measures against this  
small, but destructive household pest.  
Like other lazy people, he enjoys  
warmth, quiet, and relishes being un-  
disturbed. If, however, we afford him  
nothing but cool, ventilated closets,  
which we inspect most frequently, he  
will not be so keen upon becoming our  
permanent guest.

In low temperatures, the moth egg  
cannot germinate. So coolness is the  
first requisite of moth prevention.  
Stuffy, closely-packed closets afford him  
like sunshine either, or interruption,  
So that a further treatment consists in  
frequent looking over our clothing, ex-  
posing it to the air, brushing and shak-  
ing it. On windy March days, nothing  
will do for clothing so much good as to  
entire day. We might either begin or  
finish with a good brushing with a  
whisker, stiff clothes brush or other  
simple beater.

Of course, furs and woollens are the  
two delicacies which moths enjoy most.  
Therefore, we must take especial care  
that fabrics of these materials and furs  
of all kinds be protected. And here we  
can have recourse to the redolent moth  
ball, camphor and tar products in all  
forms. Such strong odors are extremely  
disagreeable to Sir Moth, and he re-  
fuses to associate where they are pre-  
sent. Instead of the loose balls, use the  
sheets of camphor-paper, or the cam-  
phor dust or flakes, which can be  
shaken over garments. The smell of  
newspaper ink is also disagreeable to  
our guest, and articles firmly done up  
in newspaper with the edges glued close  
to allow no entrance is a satisfactory  
treatment.

In order that clothing may not be  
crushed, we can use some of the many  
forms of bag now on the market for  
the special purpose of hanging away  
winter clothing. These bags are made  
of thick paper treated with tar or cam-  
phor, and have within a clothing hang-  
er on which the garment may be placed  
and thus keep its shape. Bags come in  
all sizes, short ones for children's  
clothes and sweaters, and long ones  
to accommodate our best evening gowns  
or long overcoats.

Tufted of cushioned furniture is also  
another choice lodging place for Sir  
Moth, who thinks he will be undisturb-  
ed among its cracks or under its warm  
buttons. But spraying with naphtha  
will render all such tufted and upholstered  
pieces disagreeable and prevent his har-  
boring there. A small toilet atomizer  
may be used, and indeed, naphtha and  
benzine can be sprayed liberally on all  
furs and woollens before laying away.

## BOOK REVIEW

**THE TURMOIL.** By Booth Tarkington. New  
York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

The novel is a reflection of the  
life of the times is always at its  
best; in fact, some people say that  
if it is not a true reflection of the  
times it isn't a real novel.

Tarkington's new book, "The Tur-  
moil," surely is a reflection of the  
life of the times, so it must be a  
novel; and it even goes so far as to  
depict the life of the present day,  
not only from the larger standpoint  
but from the standpoint of the fam-  
ily. Looking from the one-genera-  
tion-rich Sheridan family, out on to  
the commercial life of a huge  
city, the reader is shown the tur-  
moil of our intricate national ex-  
istence from the money standpoint,  
shown the gnawing, vital desire of  
big men and big cities—the aim to  
get bigger.

But although this reflection of the  
life of the times qualifies the book  
as of more than ephemeral interest,  
being a sort of appreciation of dirt  
and smut, an attempt to penetrate  
the psychology of why cities and  
men wish to get bigger and bigger  
and dirtier and dirtier, it is not  
Tarkington at his best. The same  
art which made it possible for him  
to write "Monsieur Beauclaire" and  
"Penrod," made him create Bibbs,  
and although one is constantly re-  
minded that it is Bibbs, as the con-  
trast to the grasping climbing ex-  
ponents of modernism, his father  
and brothers, that the author wishes  
to emphasize, one finds it hard to  
remember that Bibbs is anything but  
just Bibbs, and rather resents the  
intrusion of a psychological discus-  
sion.

Sheridan, pere, is drawn as the  
typical American business man, who  
thinks he has made the city grow if  
he succeeds, and that he is beyond  
it and born before his time if it  
crushes him. Sheridan was success-  
ful, and, being so, was blind to the  
failure of any one else, especially  
when it happened to be one of his  
own sons.

To him the accident of having been  
the father to the sensitive, humorous,  
delicate Bibbs, his youngest son,  
was beyond comprehension, and he  
fights blindly to mold him accord-  
ing to the traditions of the city.  
That and the background affairs of  
the rest of the Sheridan family is the

plot, making a book with the rudiments  
of a novel interlarded with an  
exceptionally fine piece of charac-  
ter study. It is really two pictures  
in one, the tragedy of Bibbs and  
the soul of the city.

### Editorial For Women

**That There "Sphere!"**  
Those conservatives who shudderingly  
await the smashing of all their home  
idols by the feminist movement encour-  
age themselves to remember how in the  
good old days all women loved to cook  
and scrub and darn—especially to cook.  
They did do an enormous amount of  
cooking of a sort, but the proof is en-  
tirely absent that they did it any better  
or more cheerfully than their succes-  
sors. At Bowling Green, Mo., a story  
is told of one of the grandmothers who  
married for love only, and, having no  
slaves, had to do her own cooking. One  
morning during the first month of  
housekeeping she awakened her hus-  
band by climbing out of bed at 4 o'clock  
in the morning.

On his demand to know why in the  
world she was getting up so early, she  
tartly replied: "To get one of those darn-  
ed meals off my hands as quick as pos-  
sible." If we had dictagraph records  
from the quivering bees of the good old  
days we might discover that grandmoth-  
ers got quite as tired "feeding the  
brutes" as do their granddaughters. If  
a husband of the most submissive  
housewives of those days, who never so  
much as cast a sheep's eye outside "her  
sphere," were lined up in a cooking con-  
test with a hundred of our active suffra-  
gettes, we aren't sure but that the suf-  
ragettes would win the prize with chili  
up and hands down. Some women love  
housework and always will, while others  
hate it and always will.

#### A FAMILY AFFAIR

An American traveler relates the fol-  
lowing:  
"Once I dined with an English farmer.  
We had ham—very delicious ham—and  
the farmer's son soon finished his por-  
tion and passed his plate again.  
"More 'am, father," he said.  
"The father frowned. 'Don't say 'am,  
son,' say 'ham.'"  
"I did say 'am,' the son protested in  
an injured tone.  
"You said 'am,' cried the father,  
fiercely. 'Am's what it should be, not  
'am.'"  
"In the middle of the squabble the  
farmer's wife turned to me and, with a  
deprecatory little laugh, explained:  
"They both think they're say'n 'am,  
sir,"—Exchange.